
THE
LADY'S
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

DECEMBER, 1813.

MEMOIR OF MRS. WOFFINGTON.

MMARGARET WOFFINGTON, a distinguished actress, was born in Dublin, in 1718: her father was in the humble station of chairman, and her mother kept a small grocer's shop upon Ormond quay. Under circumstances so inauspicious, she, at the age of ten, attracted the notice of an itinerant performer, who improved her talents, and gave her a taste for the stage. She performed several characters with *éclat*; and the reputation she acquired is said to have procured her an engagement at Smock Alley theatre, Dublin. Her person was above the middling stature, elegantly formed; her face, though not perfectly beautiful, was full of expression and vivacity; and, notwithstanding her humble birth, she possessed considerable accomplishments, and her *forte* was found to be in the representation of characters of high rank and elegant deportment.

She was afterwards engaged by Mr. Rich, of Covent-garden Theatre; and became celebrated for her performance of Sir Harry Wildair, Millimont, Lady Townly, &c. &c.

Mrs. Woffington first performed with Garrick at the Dublin theatre in 1742. It is recorded that she carried

on an intrigue with this inimitable actor and a noble lord at one and the same time. We hope that this is only an idle fabrication; it is, however, certain, that Mrs. Woffington and Garrick kept house together; and, by agreement, each bore the monthly expences alternately. Macklin frequently made one at their social board, which was occasionally attended by some of the first wits of that time, particularly during Mrs. Woffington's month, which was always distinguished by a better table, and a greater run of good company. During this connexion, they often performed together in the same scene, both here and in Dublin. Her friend Garrick was piqued when he found her engaged at Drury Lane; for as he brought with him from Covent Garden Mrs. Cibber and Mrs. Pritchard, he thought her continuing at Drury Lane would be attended with many disagreeable contentions for characters.

In 1751, she left the London Theatres for a very profitable engagement under Mr. Thomas Sheridan, who was at that time manager of Smock Alley House, and who, being an excellent judge himself of theatrical merit, was always liberal in cultivating the growth of distinguished talents. It was at this æra that Woffington might have been said to have reached the acme of her fame; she was then in the bloom of her person, accomplishments, and profession; highly distinguished for her wit and vivacity, with a charm of conversation that at once attracted the admiration of the men, and the envy of the women. Although her articles with the manager were but for *four hundred pounds*, yet by four of her characters, performed ten nights each that season, viz. Lady Townly, Maria, (Nonjuror) Sir Harry Wildair, and Hermione, she brought *four thousand pounds!* The next year Sheridan enlarged her salary to *eight hundred pounds*, and though it was to be imagined that her force to draw audiences must be weakened, yet the profits at closing the theatre did not fall short of more than three hundred pounds of the first season.

In her profession, she aimed at attaining general excellence; studied several of the most pathetic as well as of the loftiest parts in Tragedy; and was resolved to perfect herself in the grace and grandeur of the French theatre. With this view, she visited Paris: here she was introduced to Mademoiselle Dumesnil, an actress celebrated for natural elocution, and dignified action.

On her return from Paris, she performed with approbation Andromache, and Hermione in the Distressed Mother; which, to show her proficiency, she played alternately; but she never could attain to that happy art of speaking, nor reach that skill of touching the passions, so justly admired in Cibber and Pritchard. Old Cibber, her master, was himself a mean actor in tragedy; though he was extremely fond of the buskin: he taught her to recite so pompously, that nature and passion were not unfrequently sacrificed to a false glare of eloquence. The teacher insisted upon a particular *tone*, as he called it, in the declamation of his pupils.

Her company off was equally sought for as on the stage, and she was the delight of some of the gravest and most scientific characters in church and state: she was at the head of the beef-steak club, instituted every Saturday at the manager's expence, and principally composed of lords and members of parliament, for many years; where no woman was admitted but herself. Though Mrs. Woffington was now only in her thirty-eighth year, a time of life, generally speaking, which may be called *meridional* in point of constitution and professional talents, her health began visibly to decline; she, however, pursued her public business till May 17th, 1758, when she performed Rosalind for the benefit of Mr. Anderson. In the 5th act, she complained of some indisposition; she, however, finished the play, began the epilogue, and got to these words—"If I were among you, &c." when her voice broke, and she could not proceed any further with her author; but, in an expression of tremor, said, O God!

O God! and tottered to the stage door speechless; when she was caught, and conveyed home: her life was despaired of, but she so far recovered as to linger till March 28th, 1760, when she died.

Though the subject of this memoir was admired as an actress; yet, in private life, if what is recorded be true, she was not entitled to esteem; for she deviated from the paths of rectitude, and by yielding to the solicitations of her admirers, sacrificed that fame, the loss of which rendered her fascination, genius, and talents, more to be dreaded by those who were exposed to their temptation. Mrs. Woffington, besides her personal attractions, had certainly a strong natural, but uncultivated understanding.

She forsook the Roman Catholic, and embraced the Protestant Religion, to qualify herself to receive two hundred pounds per annum, left her on that condition by Owen Mac Swiney, Esq. an Irish gentleman.

ANECDOTE.

The late Dr. Warburton, who was confessedly the most pompous prelate of his day, was once in conversation with his bookseller, when Churchill the Poet came into the shop, and silently observed the right reverend speaker. When the latter departed, Churchill, affecting not to know who he was, asked the bookseller what was the name of the clergyman who had just gone out, and on being told that it was Dr. Warburton, the Bishop of Gloucester, he exclaimed, "Dr. Warburton! why he looks as if he would say, with an oath, to the apostle Paul, if he should meet him—*Hold my horse.*"

THE CHILD OF THE BATTLE,**BY H. FINN.***Continued from page 252.*

LETTER. III.**KATHERINE TO MADAM ROSENHIEM.***Vienna, —.*

Have I offended you, my kind mother, that you neglect your Katherine by delaying to write? Your letters form my only solace; when absent from the gay crowd that fashion congregates, I enjoy and treasure the contents of each. Why am I to quit the instructive pleasure, to meet the return of fatigue and folly? My early habits, disposition, and feelings, accord not with the customs, temper, and sensations, of fashionable females. I exist with impatience in a sphere where no congeniality of intellect has met my friendship or esteem. Cold ceremony, or intrusive familiarity, are the two extremes that constitute the manners in Vienna. Judge then how irksome to me, who have been accustomed to greet the unrestrained heart of still respectful affection with smiling welcome; how cheerless, to take the hand of apathy, proffered by indifference. I cannot lavish praises that are unmerited, nor disguise my features in the smile of cheerfulness, to receive society I disesteem; yet such, dear mother, are the sacrifices fashion makes to feeling. By expressing my dislike to the society of the capital, I do not mean to upbraid you for being instrumental to my visit. You were ever anxious to promote my happiness, and I can trace your conduct to that motive, in this particular. I am, as I hope I always *have* been, most grateful; but indeed your judgement slightly erred when it prompted the proposal. I would not oppose your request, because

you have taught me obedience ; the lesson has been acquired, retained, and cherished more perfectly, as inclination accompanied duty. You construed my silence into compliance, or rather wistfulness ; whilst my lips were anxious to breathe a denial to your wish, but did not dare to utter even a remonstrance. How preferable our simple cottage on the Danube's bank to the splendid palaces that adorn the metropolis. The stream *there* rolls smoothly and transparent ; *here* 'tis impure, and turbulent ; our little boat rode gently o'er its bosom there, innumerable ships crowd upon its surface here. Nature's various works transplanted here, preserve their form, but half their qualities seem lost ; and the world of Art serves but to lend a richer tint to that of Nature by contrasting them. A thousand added beauties to my mental view, enrich the latter, since I bade farewell to it, and as it faded from my sight in distance like a dear departed friend in death, I contemplated with regret the treble value of the treasure gone ; and summed the many joys I might have tasted, when nearness rendered them unthought of, or unprized. You have frequently cautioned me against the folly, nay, 'criminal weakness of *affecting* an *excess* of *sentiment*. Observing it was too prevalent among the female population of *Germany*, some years must have elapsed since experience taught you to remark it ; yet it prevails here to a greater extent than you gave me reason to believe. The ladies of Vienna have a system of ill health ; and 'tis as necessary to have periodical faintings as stated times for breakfasting. A clouded atmosphere is the certain prelude to debility, as you will perceive from the following anecdote. One morning the Countess had commissioned a servant to inform her of the appearance of the sky, intending to regulate her health by the weather. On his return, he informed her the sky was overcast, and instantly she was reduced almost to a seeming state of insensibility ; but a *friend* calling to request her company for a few hours, was informed, that the Countess's

health would not permit her to tempt the air. But the clouds having dispersed since the servant's report, and her friend suspecting the cause of her malady, sent word to her of the favourable appearance the sky exhibited. The Countess, with light steps, and smiling countenance, hastened to her toilette, and afterwards accompanied her friend! Oh! simplicity, and ever pleasing nature, how I miss thee along thy level lawns; amidst thy forest wilds, beneath the lighter foliage of the groves, and o'er thy rugged mountain's side, have I wandered, and sigh again to see, and bless the Maker of the World in his inimitable works. Vienna is now a scene of universal happiness, if dissipation, boisterous mirth, and noise, can be termed by that sacred name. All hearts seem gladdened by the late victory. Alas! not those who now are grieving for some dear, and fallen relative, or friend. *He is still living.* He has been honoured by his royal mistress; rewarded by his country; and is beloved by Katherine. In obedience to your command, I have not named him; but there was a time when the most endearing appellations were tolerated, nay approved. Why this interdiction? Whence your antipathy to him? You reprove me when I wish to be eloquent in his behalf; you tell me, the world allows not certain truths to pass a female lip, without its severest censure; that to say "*I love*" is inconsistent with feminine modesty and propriety. These were not your sentiments, nor expressions, until lately. What has changed them? You *used* to tell me that truth should be uttered, even if circumstances forbid it; but when no impediment prevents it, no injury can accrue either to myself, or others, by the confession, why restrain me from an acknowledgement of it to yourself? I did not think the companion of my earlier days, the partaker of my childish sports, my youthful friend, who anticipated my wishes, and executed my designs ere hinted, would one day become the object of my mother's disapprobation; and that Katherine should be told to assume false delicacy towards her, and hide, or

suppress, the affection she feels for—— Yet I feel, and fear I must endeavour to forget; the task is arduous; but 'tis a *mother* asks, and what would I not sacrifice to duty. I may be in error, but the Countess of Glenfield appears too deeply versed in worldly manners, to feel the open honesty of true friendship; the levity of her disposition, the frivolity of her conversation, and dress in public, are totally different from the serious, thinking, and apparently contented being, her private manners indicate. I would, but dare not impart the emotions of my heart. A repelling, constrained behaviour, a forced condescension in her features, betray a mind unfit for confidence; you will say "I am deficient in charity to suspect my patroness;" but habit and your example have so long been my guides, that if an opinion is to be expressed, I can never *disguise* it. Recall me, dear mother, as soon as possible; I am weary, until you feel the kiss of your

KATHERINE.

LETTER IV.

Near Presburg.

MADAM ROSENHIEM TO COLONEL WALDSTIEN.

I have just received an epistle from Katherine. It has affected me much; I had hoped five years separation from Albert would eradicate first impressions; on the contrary, and in opposition to my desires, her affection for him increases daily; that hour is fatal which sees them together; to her at least: her future peace demands that the interview should never be; her love is ardent, uncontrollable; she would avow it in pure innocence; but for the influence of duty; which is weakening hourly. Your son has never intimated an attachment to her beyond the esteem of friendship; his letters manifest a cold respect, verging to indifference. Oh! how dreadful

the idea, to see a heart stored with every virtue, mild, amiable, patient, forgiving, and innocent, fall a prey to passion, hopeless, yet still cherished. Disgusted at vice, and idolizing virtue, her affection for Albert is promoted by a comparison of his qualities with those of the ephemeral triflers who now surround her. The English Countess is kind to her I learn. To an accident happening to the carriage of the Countess, which compelled her to visit our cottage, Katherine owes her introduction.

The Countess entreated of me to permit her journey to the capital. Ill health prevented me from going with her; but you know the mystery of her birth, and the hope of insuring to Katherine a protectress when I shall be no more, decided me. I consented; I saw reluctance in her features; yet the thought, that a change of scene might effect a change of sentiment, as to Albert, induced me to do a violence to my feelings, and part with her for a short time. The late events have thwarted my intentions. Albert's fame has reached her; and feeds the flame already too intense. On you, Sir, I rely for information, as when he returns, Katherine must be with me.

M. ROSENHIEM.

LETTER V.

From the Carpathian Mountains.

ALBERT TO ULRIC.

Lying on a bed of straw, in a miserable hut, covered with disgrace, wounded in person and honour, writes the hapless Albert. You wonder at this address, it will cease, when you learn the cause that gave it words, and only wonder my expressions were not stronger; but there is no name mean enough for my past actions. Read the following; relieve your anxiety, and you must cease to

call me friend. I am unworthy any name, but that of wretch. In my last (if I recollect rightly), mention was made of my speedy arrival at Vienna. I had procured leave of absence for a month; I quitted our quarters, and Poland; I was pursuing my journey to you, with friendship's fleetest wing, when these mountains that divide Hungary from Poland, attracted my notice, by their fertility and beauty. Intending to survey their woody summits, to wander along their extensive lakes, and stray among the vineyards that add luxuriance to their sides, for the space of two or three days; I decided (fatal decision) to remain. My enthusiasm was ardent, and I beheld scenes, enchanting to a mind formed to enjoy beauty in its fullest sense. I ascended the mountain, and beheld the setting sun beautifully bright; the scenery exhibiting the last rosy hue of its less glowing beam, while the Western horizon was streaked with golden clouds. The associations of my bosom became more pure, more elevated; the combination of astonishment, pleasure, and adoration, seemed to uplift my ideas, and mankind held no relative situation in my memory. One only, one infinite, one eternal power, claimed my visionary contemplation; and the minutest attribute in nature seemed at that moment an abstract miracle; educed from the first, and all-effecting cause. Even now the sensations of that hour impart a partial extacy. Twilight had past; and the pale moon ascended slowly from the distant line that limited the lake; the stars were scattered o'er the azure firmament, and I became intellectually an inhabitant of each distant twinkling world; while fancy peopled each with fairy forms, scanning our globe; a speck to them in the blue space. Who could behold in thought the immensity of power, that studs illimitable space with miriads of irradiated systematic spheres, and not bestow each energy of life to piety and happiness; but I am wandering; you say too true, Cohenberg; I am indeed the slave, the fool to every impulse. I scarcely feel the

approach of an idea, ere it seizes my whole soul, and hurries me beyond the reach of reason's voice. My mind walked through the firmament; while my body's footsteps roved unheeded. The time, the silence, and the place, was favourable, and on my knees I offered up an orison for the child of sorrow, and victim of crime. The good man's deed needs it not. Having closed my petition, I observed the lowering clouds were fast blackening the sky; and evidently indicated an approaching tempest; the distant thunder rolled portentous through the gloom; I hastily endeavoured to retrace my erring steps; but, after fruitless toil, I still found myself on the steep edge of the mountain, which bounded the lake. Hearing the loud lashing of the swelling wave, I directed my course opposite to it, and listening at intervals, found that I was fast receding from it; the moon and stars were veiled in darkness; and the large drops of rain (as the wind drove them through the foliage), betokened the nearer coming of the storm: continuing the direction, and cutting away the underwood with my sabre, I discovered a descent that seemed to wind down the mountain toward the beach. Fatigued, and drenched with rain, I halted for a few moments; and renewed my progress: the path along which I was passing was formed by the continual streams that poured from the mountain's summit, and rendered my passage dangerous, from its unsound and muddy channel; proceeding far enough to justify the supposition that I was no great distance from the shore, I stopped; and clinging for security to the branches, gained a slender relaxation from toil. I imagined in this suspense, that I heard human shrieks blending with the gale; listening attentively, a repetition confirmed the suspicion. My heart bled for the drowning victims, as I conceived; with my usual impetuosity, and disdaining personal peril, I relinquished my hold, and rapidly descended to the beach.

(To be continued.)

THE GOSSIPER.

NO. XXVIII.

“ Oh! that mine enemy had written a book.”

JOB.

SIR,

It evidently appears that the utterer of this terse sentence was well acquainted with the little reward that is bestowed upon the literary character, and the triumph that is often indulged over that work which is the labor of the brain. It appears by the passage quoted, that Job could not sufficiently wound the feelings of his enemy by remarks on his general conduct; but if he had written a book, he might have indulged, in a greater degree, the suggestions of spleen, by crushing that pleasure which was nearest and dearest to his enemy's heart. Little does the world think, or little does it care, for the trouble and pains bestowed upon even the most common production that is meant either to improve, or amuse them; they generally resort to it with reluctance; and lay it down with abuse. If then the works of the sages of our country be by many neglected, ought I, Sir, an humble Gossiper, to vent my regret at being often passed over entirely. Did any one of those persons who assert they could write a better work than that they are exclaiming against, put their threats into execution; some excuse might then be brought forward in support of their assertions; but this is not the case. The critic is but seldom an author; if he were, he would know the feelings, the acute feelings of him who sends his literary offspring, unprotected, into a remorseless world; and, instead of cutting it up root and branch, he would praise where

praise was due, and use the critical lash with some share of moderation; for

—————"What's so thin,
So full of feeling as a poet's skin."

The charitable ideas which our immortal bard has put into the mouth of the Danish prince with respect to players, the reader might repeat on taking up a work of imagination—

He that is King shall be welcome ;
The lover shall not sigh gratis ;
The Clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled,
And the Lady shall speak her mind freely.

Instead of which, how often are our labours, in common with those of our brethren, received with neglect. In vain the Lover tells his tale of woe ; in vain he rounds his periods, or tunes his pipe to metre ; the sorrows he feels, the chagrins that are painted with the pencil of truth, are turned to ridicule ; or he is perused by the cold eye of criticism, which, "with spectacle on nose," takes out its square and compasses : he enquires not for the matter ; he wishes not to drop a tear, nor give a smile ; he has no feelings of humanity, but only looks for amusement in gender, number, or case ; and in vain for him would any other interest be excited.

The moment that a man takes up his pen, the world are in arms against him ; the whole world conspire to run him down ; else why do we constantly hear the faults of books detailed, while their merits are kept in the back ground, and those gratuitous praises which would beguile a man of many a weary hour, are withheld, till the tomb of death covers him, and renders him alike insensible to either praise or censure. Why then do the repressers of literary labor (but that they may be more supreme in cruelty) encourage a man to vent those ideas in print

which afterwards they condemn; because the paltry sum which they must give jaundices their opinion. Does that which they once praised in a crude state become worse from correction? Cruel then, supremely cruel, to raise a passion only to crush it; and to encourage a man to become a candidate for public favor, for the pleasure of afterward laughing him to scorn.

The youthful votary of the Muses is elated by praises which his first efforts have created; and looks round with throbbing exultation for notice; none is excited, he tries again; but no encouraging voice is heard; perhaps he meets derision where at least a smile of favor was expected; hence the disappointed enthusiast conceives disgust at what he thinks an unfeeling age; "his energies," as a sublime poet has it, "are rolled back upon himself, and he becomes a solitary and a distempered visionary through life."

I shall now conclude this imperfect essay with a few opinions of celebrated characters on works of taste, which may teach some severe and hasty critics to be considerate before they condemn—

"For who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

Swift says in his letters, "Steele has begun the Guardian; but it is a poor work, and will not do."

Dr. Hurd, with other great critics of the day, writes thus to Richardson "Grandison will live after Tom Jones has been forgotten."

Cowper, who says a critic is a man who looks for a fault that he may put it on a pin's point to look at it through a microscope, complains of the *heavy* writing of Gibbon.

Porson considered Gilbert Wakefield as a man of no judgement, and last, though not least, Miss Seward declares Hayley a poet equal to Milton; and, in a letter to Mr. Repton, the architect, she says, I have received

your little book of Essays, called Variety; how much superior are they to the much talked of Spectator. Other instances of the like nature, Mr. Gossiper, may be found; but I forbear taking up more of your time on paper.

And remain, your's, &c.

A YOUNG AUTHOR.

CARDS

Seem of late years to have considerably augmented their influence over the fashionable world. The following opinion of the great Dr. Johnson, on this species of diversion, if generally known, may, perhaps, in some degree, tend to the cultivation of more rational amusements: "This odious fashion is produced by a conspiracy of the old, the ugly, and the ignorant, against the young and beautiful, the witty and the gay, as a contrivance to level all distinctions of nature and of art, to confound the world in a chaos of folly, to take from those who could outshine them all the advantages of mind and body; to withhold youth from its natural pleasures, deprive wit of its influence, and beauty of its charms; to fix their hearts upon money, to which love has hitherto been entitled; to sink life into a tedious uniformity, and to allow it no other hopes or fears but those of robbing and being robbed." He says also on this subject, that, "if those who have minds capable of nobler sentiments were to unite in vindication of their pleasures and prerogatives, they might fix a time at which cards should cease to be in fashion, or be left only to those who have neither beauty to be loved, nor spirit to be feared, neither knowledge to teach, nor modesty to learn, and who, having passed their youth in vice, are justly condemned to spend their age in folly."

HARRIET;
OR, THE NOVICE;
A CAUTIONARY TALE, FOUNDED UPON FACTS.

Continued from page 262.

CHAP. VI.—HARRIET IN DANGER.

In conformity with her promise to Harriet, Lady Caruthers gave Petersham invitations to dine with them almost every day; *requests* in which he thought proper to acquiesce. Indeed scarcely a day passed but the greatest part of it was dedicated to her Ladyship, and Harriet being no longer under any restraint with regard to her friend, fearlessly indulged her propensity for Petersham, without the consciousness of wrong; which he encouraged thoughtlessly. One evening, after they had returned from a party given by the Marchioness of A——, and Petersham was preparing to go to his lodgings, a storm that had been some time visible in the atmosphere commenced; the thunder rolled at a distance, and the lightning flashed at intervals, till at length a violent torrent of rain succeeded; the former soon abated, but the latter continued to deluge the plains, and bear down every thing that attempted to stem its rapidity. Lady Caruthers requested Petersham not to think of stirring; at the same time backing her petition with the offer of a bed in her house; and the fear of what inconvenience he might suffer from the wet, operating upon Harriet's feelings, she conjured him, with persuasive looks and arguments, to remain where he was. This, however, from some reason or other we know not, he stoutly refused—He must get home that night;—he wanted to write letters;—he had an appointment early the next morning with General Musquet, and go he must.—Finding him proof against every thing they alleged, and even refusing the use of Lady Caruther's carriage, Harriet ran to fetch a silk handkerchief

that she had bought that morning, which she tied round his neck; while her Ladyship, in consonance with Harriet's wish, ordered him some mulled wine; but the rain still descending in torrents, this comfortable beverage, instead of making him more impregnable, or more willing to encounter this war of the elements, acted *à contraire*, and seemed to accomplish what all their eloquence had been incapable of doing. He continued chatting, and taking glass after glass, till he found the comparison of the company he was with and the outside of the house so remarkably striking, that he at length made an apology for his want of resolution, and the servant was ordered to prepare a bed for Capt. Petersham. "Did you know I was a poet, my lady?" said Petersham; taking from his pocket a small tablet.—No indeed; added her ladyship, smiling; have you any of your love verses here, Mr Corydon? continued she; for every poet must be in love,—pray favour us with a repetition.—Why, my lady, you must know, continued Petersham, that at Seymour-street last night Miss Bloomgreen, whom, they say, has *beaucoup de nécessaire*, rallied me about my heart, and told me it was like a cribbage board, full of holes, and demanded how often I had been really in love; and how many dear creatures I had made miserable.—I answered her by saying, I thought it would not be delicate for me to mention them to her face; but I would try to recollect the whole of my conquests; and, if she would give me leave, send her a list in poetry: you shall hear them—

You ask me, dear girl, of the state of my heart;
The number of wounds that it bears;
The names of my victims,—who now the best part
Claim the source of my joys and my cares:

The first then was Charlotte; she caught me at school,
And in love did me closely entwine;
But at Marg'ret, her sister, I look'd like a fool;
For I knew not to which I'd incline.

Then Kate came the next, but she slighted my charms,
And prided herself in her spirit;
But Clara was ready to fly in my arms,
So I thought her the girl of most merit.

With Clara soon tir'd, to Maria I flew,
Of Park-place the joy and the wonder;
Till Cupid, quite jealous, an arrow then drew,
And stabb'd me like *lightning* and *thunder*.

Then Laura I follow'd with rueful long face,
Who treated my pain as all bother,
Laugh'd at my woe, and enjoy'd my disgrace,
And then set her cap at another.

For revenge on the sex, determin'd I flew,
Like a bee to sip nectar and honey,
Till Louisa I met;—and we swore to be true,
But curse it, we'd none of us money.

Now you, my dear Delia, have plenty of *stuff*;
Oh! let me, my angel, partake it;
My *esteem* you shall have,—if that's not enough,
I've no love, but we'll both try to make it.

I've lockets from Mary, and garters from Jane;
Locks of hair quite enough for a jazy;
The kisses receiv'd, I'll return back again;
Now does not my goodness amaze you.

All the presents I've gain'd, I will burn at the shrine
Of the damsel who takes me for life;
I know you're no angel, don't think me divine,
Then we'll jog it as plain man and wife.

Come, my girl, then decide; give me leave then to go,
And ask the consent of your mother;
For if you deny me, 'twill be my death blow;—
No, it won't,—for I'll marry another.

There, said Petersham, finishing,—I don't know what
you think of it;—but I think that I'm a devilish clever

fellow; and West told me this morning at Hookham's, that with careful correction it would be a tolerable composition *for a gentleman* poet. Lady Carruthers laughed; and begged a copy; requesting him, as he was so clever, if he could inform her what would be his next production; but Harriet could only think of one part of his poem, and that not the most sublime—

'Till Louisa he met, and *they* swore to be true;
But curse it, we'd none of us money.

But come, come, my enlightened friend, said her ladyship, ring me the bell, and reach my taper; 'tis near two o'clock. Farewell; *bon repos* to you, Walter Scott, the younger; so saying, they arose; and the servant shewed them their respective chambers. When Petersham parted from the ladies at the door of his, he took Harriet's hand, and saluting her, exclaimed in a passionate air—"Till Cupid, quite jealous, an arrow he drew, and pierced me in lightning and thunder," and then retired to rest. He threw himself into a chair; the rain still combating with the wind, only broke the silence of night; the former rattled against the windows, whilst the latter, in hollow murmurs, broke through every aperture. It was a time in which murder might stalk unheeded, and robbery accomplish its lawless purposes undetected; he was about to undress, when the sound of music struck upon his ear; and ever and anon filled up the pauses which the wind left vacant; he listened, conceiving it arose from mere imagination; but became thoroughly convinced of its reality. What! exclaimed he, starting up, am I in romance, or fairy land? what he heard of the music was but little; and that was often broken. Impelled by the love of adventure, he opened his door, and the sounds became more distinct. Leaving his light behind him, he groped along a gallery, directed only by the music: after he had proceeded a little onward, the sounds ceased; he was preparing to return, when, at the end of the passage,

he saw a door unclosing, and a figure, which he conceived to be that of a female, descend the servant's staircase; the door remained open, and, by the light emitted, though scarcely discernible, he made towards it: soon, with gentle steps, he reached the place, and pushing the door further open, entered a large room lighted by a single candle, which was placed on a musical instrument; before which was seated a female figure. His attention was arrested by the musician, who began to play, accompanying the instrument with her voice, which was low and tremulous. The music concluded, the player remained leaning pensively on her hand; she sobbed heavily, and often, and put her handkerchief to her eyes. Petersham, scarcely daring to breathe, remained, as it were, with his feet rivetted to the floor, while all the magic of the scene stole over his senses. The fair incognita now trimmed her light, and looking partly round, as if in the expectancy of some one's returning, surprised Petersham by her near similitude to Harriet; yet, regarding her more attentively, she appeared much taller. She began again to play, and he was all attention. The air was a little Sonata; something about the pleasures of Hope assisting the anxieties of Love; it was an Air to which Petersham was much attached; and which he was continually *humming*: struck with her voice, and the singularity of the circumstance, he could no longer resist moving from the gloom which enveloped him, and looking over her shoulder, perceived it was indeed Harriet.

Harriet at this hour playing on an instrument, instead of, as he thought, being fast bound in the arms of sleep! he could scarcely believe his eyes; yet so it was; the object of his wishes playing an air, that, at such a time too, was calculated to awaken every tender emotion. She was dressed in a long white robe de chambre; a small round cap confined her tresses; fearful, however, of alarming her, he was puzzled how to break this interesting silence: he retired a few paces backward, and

softly ejaculated the name of Harriet. Alarmed at the sound of her name at this time of the night, or rather morning, she started; the color forsook her cheeks, and had not Petersham rushed forward, she must inevitably have fallen to the ground; but he was in time to save her by catching her in his arms. Confused at this unlooked-for dread, he endeavoured to dissipate her fears. Be not terrified, my dear Harriet, he said softly to her; it is I, it is Petersham, 'tis your Petersham. She roused herself at these words, and gained sufficient courage to beg he would leave the room; at the same time, to recover an hysteric feeling, she burst into tears. Recalled to placidity by the assiduities of Petersham, she suffered him to remain a few minutes longer with her, until the servant's foot was heard on the staircase; he then retired. "Law, madam," said the domestic, as soon as she returned to Harriet, and perceived her embarrassment, from which she had scarcely time to recover, "I hope you *harn't* heard *nothing* that has flustered you; for if you *han't*, I have. I really wish the book *furder*, axing your pardon, for first I goes down in the parlour, where you told me, but found nothing like a book there, except my lady *rectory*, where all the fashionables *lives*; then I went into the breakfast parlour, but no book; so thinks I to myself, thinks I, perhaps I may have taken *him* down in the kitchen parlour, as I calls it, with my lady's work;—" and then, Harriet, who only wanted time to recover herself, in suffering the servant to proceed, begged her to be silent; and the mortified domestic, not suffered to indulge her loquacity, attended Harriet to her chamber; when, banging the door, and muttering an unintelligible something, she left her.

(To be continued.)

FORTUNE, like health, requires management; we should enjoy her when she is good, take patience when she is bad, and never apply desperate remedies, but in extreme cases.

SCRAP FROM MY PORTFOLIO.

SOLITUDE, however it may have been extolled by philosophers for its beneficial effects upon the mind and heart, is no longer worthy of commendation, when the welfare and happiness of our fellow creatures is sacrificed to its enjoyment. Independent of the tint of moroseness it gives the disposition, the understanding frequently becomes impaired by such selfish retirement, and talents, which, in the promiscuous walks of life, might have diffused universal benefit by their influence, are prostituted to the worst of purposes, by exposing the heart to the despicable indulgence of Misanthropy. Allowing a man to be possessed of the most extensive knowledge, his elegant acquirements are no longer to be admired when buried in the confines of his own breast: it is the extensive diffusion of them amongst mankind which renders us susceptible of those finer feelings which constitute the happiness of existence; and, by expanding the bosom to the enlarged idea of universal benevolence, form the brightest ornament in the human character. The man who sits down to explore the paths of literature and science with the contracted motive of mere personal gratification, debases every noble quality with which nature has endowed him. In the solitary confines of his own chamber, shut out from every avenue to social enjoyment, he possesses no friend to stimulate his studies, no self approving assurance, that, in his eager pursuit of knowledge, he is promoting the happiness of his fellow creatures; and, by raising this barrier between the world and himself, he often lives unknown, and dies deservedly unregretted. Indeed there are scarcely any circumstances under which voluntary exile from mankind can be justified. The romantic enthusiast, who, from disappointed affection, secludes himself in disgust from the world, and the rational enjoyments it is capable of affording, betrays a weakness

degrading to the character of man. Let him but exercise the reason which nature has given in common to us all, and even the dormant energies of his mind will echo back a stern conviction of the folly of his resolutions. However acute the feelings may be, there is scarcely any attack upon them which reason and resolution cannot struggle with, and it is only from a listless unwillingness to exercise them, that the mind becomes incapable of exertion.

In many instances, however, Solitude may be justified: it is the last resource of the wretched; whether their misfortunes proceed from their own misconduct, or the ill treatment they have experienced from the world. The penitent may there atone for his transgressions; and the hapless being who is "more sinn'd against than sinning" find a peaceful harbour from the storms and tempests he has so long encountered.

ANON.

Instance of great Disinterestedness.

Dejected in the extreme by unforeseen and considerable losses, a Banker in Paris, upon the point of stopping payment, was attacked with nervous symptoms;—a celebrated physician was sent for, who judged that this troublesome complaint was occasioned by uneasiness and vexation; but he in vain pressed the unfortunate man to confess to him what affected him. His wife, however, in conducting him to the door, thought the interest he had just shewn deserved their confidence; with diffidence she informed him, that they wanted, to satisfy their very next payments, twenty thousand pounds; and not one of their friends had been able to assist them. This estimable physician* returned a few days afterwards; requested his patient to accept the sum he wanted; and prescribed no other remedy:—the cure was speedy.

* The late M. Bouvard.

ON YOUTH.

"Man is born to trouble."

It is the opinion of almost every one, that youth is the time in which we enjoy the greatest share of happiness; but if we take a clear and unprejudiced view of this period, supposed to be so free from care and trouble, we shall find, that even in this first age of innocence and apparent pleasure, the heart is not free from disturbances which poison happiness. To prove the truth of this opinion is the intent of the following essay.

First, let us consider the motives which induce us to think this the most happy part of our lives.

Men, when advanced in life, are frequently immersed in business, worn with cares, and disappointed by the failure of their plans: they are anxious in searching for gain, a prey to fears and doubts, and disturbed by the importance of their concerns; they behold their children sporting around them, and enjoying apparent happiness, unclouded by care; they reflect upon the time when they themselves were as happy; when their griefs were momentary; when they were fed, and clothed, without the exertion of their faculties; and when the utmost extent of their wishes was a top, a ball, or an apple. The state of youth more advanced appears also to be made up of joys and pleasures; but if any one will take the trouble to recollect his own feelings, when he was a young man of fifteen, or sixteen, years of age, he will remember, that he was far from being contented. Let those who place the height of earthly felicity in the condition of childhood, reflect, that at this period their faculties are not matured; they have no idea of greater gain than the

possession of trifles ; they have no value for titles, or gold ; they prefer a toy of the meanest kind to the best landed estate. If then they feel such pleasure in their baubles, to disappoint their desires must be to breed sorrow in their hearts ; and every one knows how often it is necessary to forbid them their numerous wants. If then children feel the pangs of disappointment every hour of the day, they cannot be completely happy ; if they have no real troubles, their confined and unripened faculties every hour produce those which are imaginary. We have doubtless in every age our portion of sorrow ; and it is given to us with an equal hand. I mean not, that we have all an equal portion of misery ; alas ! it is too clear, that one man's cup overflows, whilst another's contains but a few drops ; but, of the four ages of man, all are equally subject to distress : the young man from fifteen to twenty, has troubles unknown to any but himself. To the common observer, he appears surrounded with happiness ; rosy health attends his footsteps ; he has the intellect and pleasures of a man without his cares ; he has nothing to do but to obey his master, and preserve a virtuous course. Who amongst them, when told by his parents that these are his happiest days, believes them ? No ; he pants for the time when he shall be freed from the restraint of learning, and mingle with the world. Behold him now released from school, and entering upon his career : he has attained his wishes ; but is yet discontented ; he mixes with men, but finds himself neglected ; he endeavours to account for this want of attention, and finds it is because he has not reached his twenty-first year ; he is yet considered a blank in society, and he meets not with that deference to which he thinks his talents and acquirements entitle him. He now finds himself unhappy for want of a companion ; he seeks the company of young men of his own age ;—this is the critical period of his life ; there are ten chances to one that he meets with young persons devoid of good principles ;—his passions are unsubdued,

and, in giving way to their unbridled impulse, he is led by his companions into the paths of vice : he is at first delighted with her seducing manners ; and involves himself in difficulties ; but when he wishes to return to virtue, he becomes the prey of remorse, and finds the truth of the subsequent lines—

“ The path to H— is open night and day,
“ Broad the descent, and easy is the way;
“ But to return, and view the cheerful skies,
“ In this the task, and mighty labour, lies.”

This is the probable consequence of treating youth with neglect ; and I think, if age would condescend to be the companion of youth, many a young man would be enamoured of their company ; and escape the snares of bad example, and improper society. Even if the youth escape this Charybdis, he is not so happy as he appears. During his minority, he feels he is a slave ; he has the same passions as his elders ; but is restrained from following their bent : this is undoubtedly necessary ; for the passions of youth would, if they were not subdued, lead them into ruin. A young man, at the age of seventeen, or eighteen, forms a connexion with a female of his own age ; he believes her all his fancy has formed of woman, and feeds his imagination with ideas of future happiness : he burns for an opportunity of exerting his abilities, that he may be happy with her whom he loves ; he wishes to do something for support, and maintain a spirit of independance : this is denied him, till a certain time has elapsed ; and, even if his parents should approve his choice, long has he to endure the tortures of suspense, and a thousand others which disturb his breast. Thus I have endeavoured to shew, that this period of our lives is not so free from care as has been imagined ; and if any thing I have advanced should be thought unfounded, I am willing to receive instruction ; and shall be happy to see this subject further discussed by any of your correspondents.

R. PORTER.

RECITAL
OF A WOMAN OF RANK;

AS INTERESTING AS IT IS SINGULAR.

Translated and abridged from the French of MARIVAUX; whose writings have been admired from the near resemblance of their style to that of our celebrated STERNE.

While writing this, I am seventy-four years of age; and formerly I was handsome: I have then lived a very long time!——A very long time? alas! properly speaking, I only live in the instant which is passing; another comes which is already no more; in which, it is true, I have lived, but in which I exist no more; and it appears as if I had not been: thus, should I not say, that my life lasts not; and that young and old are both of the same age?

My friends gave me in marriage at eighteen years of age; I say they gave me in marriage; for I was not consulted on the subject; my parents promised me to my husband, whom I knew not; my husband saw me at a monastery, took me without knowing me, and we had no other knowledge of each other than that of finding ourselves married, and living as we thought proper, without enquiring what we thought of it; in such a manner that I should have freely said, Who then is this stranger to whom I am married?

This stranger, nevertheless, was an obliging man, from thirty-five to forty years of age, with whom I have lived as with the best friend in the world; for I never felt for him what is called love; he never asked me for it; neither one nor the other thought of it; and we have had an affection for each other without it.

Seven or eight months after our marriage, a gentleman of our acquaintance, who was generally thought amiable, fell in love with me: as soon as I perceived it, I condemned him to sigh in vain; for I was discreet; but when a man loves us, we do not discard him without giving him hope: virtue tells us, we must have no lover; and thereupon we send him away; but he returns not so quickly; for our vanity gives him the signal for hope; and he expects, like mine, that you treat him with coldness, and lure him in a thousand different ways which you cannot abstain from, because you are women; and cannot be other than coquets. In my bloom, when I was advantageously dressed, I was very glad of an opportunity of seeing the man of whom I speak: I rejected his advances with disdain; because I knew there was no danger in doing it; but I used less energy when I felt less strength for resistance.

Nevertheless, the wife of this man had no doubt of his loving me: she was with reason alarmed at it, and one day when he was with me came to pay me a visit; they appeared disconcerted at seeing each other; in a few minutes, he left the room; and I continued the conversation with her, when she said, with a smile, "My husband loves you, Madam, and you deserve to be loved more than any person in the world; therefore I will not undertake to alienate his affections; my efforts would be fruitless; I prefer having recourse to yourself, and place my future welfare in your hands. I am attached to him, and he merits it; next to the regard that he experiences, and that it is very difficult not to have for a woman so perfect as yourself, I am sure that this propensity is burthensome to you, in the proportion that it afflicts me. I have said nothing to him yet: I believe that you will reclaim him better than myself, and that he would be more affected at the grief he gives me, if you were to make him sensible of it. He formerly loved me; incline then his heart at least to pity mine; the

esteem and respect that he has for you, will add weight to what you will say to him in my favour; tell him I am deserving his regard; and he will believe you; you will persuade him better than my reproaches. Scarcely had she finished speaking, before I embraced her with affection; I threw myself in her arms; I believe that we even wept; and how could I avoid being affected, though I had not been filled with zeal, for the interest of a woman who had just told me I was more deserving than herself, and who begged me to relinquish my lover? It is useless to relate the conversation that passed between us; our being moved rendered the scene sufficiently mute: I assured her she should be contented, and she quitted me.

Her husband re-entered a quarter of an hour afterwards: joy was depicted in his countenance. "Madam," said he to me, "the affair is ended; I will no more be importunate; I beg your pardon for having been so; I admire you; you are virtue itself. I listened at the door of your chamber, while my wife was speaking to you; I am charmed with her; see how she loves me! she demands my heart; she wishes to hold it from you; she shall have it, Madam; you have promised to use your endeavours in her behalf, and I obey you." "I have not yet spoken to you!" replied I to him, with some energy. "Oh! you are right;" added he, without hearing me; "yes; I have been in error; I feel it in its full force: the poor child! what tenderness! you will be contented; you will esteem me; for I shall love her more than ever." Thereupon he departed; or rather glided away without giving me time to answer him a word. For me, I remained immoveable; I regarded myself as a dupe: if I had seen his wife at this moment, she would not have been so well pleased with me; she would not have found me so engaging; I had only told her she was so, on condition that I should always be considered more amiable than herself.

After this adventure, I took the attention of a handsome, well made young man; who, in making known his passion, had the vanity to speak of it as if he were conferring a favour; but I thought him impertinent, thanked him, and wished to dispense with his regard. If I recollect rightly, my thanks excited his merriment. "You love me then?" said I to him; "so much the better; continue my lover; let me often see your beautiful person, and these consequential airs; they divert me already; that is something. Ah! who knows? by often ridiculing the high opinion you entertain of yourself, I shall perhaps be able to endure it." I suppose the test I put him to appeared too doubtful; for he quitted me, and returned no more. I every day received so many proofs of respect; and those proofs gave me so much pleasure, that I neglected nothing to render myself agreeable. All in consequence of the desire that we have to please those men whose taste we have spoilt, and whom we delight no more, if we do not give to our natural endowments a certain seasoning, with which we can set off ourselves only at the expence of modesty; which ought to be the most estimable of all our virtues. So that now it is not sufficient to be born handsome, or pretty; which is of no use, unless you adopt the fashion, and join to its fantasticalness an almost indecent manner. Besides, my years began to give me disquietude; their course seemed to me more rapid than ordinary; I was still young; but not far from that period in which the youth of a woman becomes equivocal; in which we know not what age she is; and I believed that, with a genteel figure, I should appear young a longer time; but what fatigue to have this genteel appearance, and to vary it! How shall I dress my head? What robe shall I put on? What ribbands? What colour shall they be? this is more pleasing, that more lively; an air of sweetness is very touching, an air of vivacity very striking. I will say nothing of the embarrassment I had sometimes to experience, f

I would dress myself much or little. How often have I gone out in a dress that I repented having taken ! and, in a walk, when I saw men at a distance coming, with what inquietude did I not wait till they regarded me preferably to those with whom I was !—In conversing then with my best friend, my friendship went and came as she excited more or less curiosity than myself.

I was living in this manner, when a widower, who had become my lover, and who had a daughter eighteen years of age, broke the intercourse between this young person and myself, and forbid her seeing me. He sent her at first into the country to one of his relations, to accustom me, in a civil way, to do without her society. She returned to town ; and after her return, I did not see her twice a month ; I was astonished at it, and attributed it to one of those caprices which women often have ; even her father differed with me, and behaved in a fickle manner. But the young lady loved me, and as she obeyed against her wishes, she confided to some one the true reasons of her proceeding. I learnt then why she saw me no more, and I learnt it at the moment that I just quitted her father, who had never appeared more oomplaisant than on this occasion. I blushed at the account they gave me ; and I do not remember ever having received a more lively lesson of honour ; for I suddenly suspected the motives which the father had had when he had made his defence ; I comprehended the disgrace which accrued to me from it, and was ashamed of deserving it by my coquetry.

To be continued.

HUMOUR is like an ill weed which consumes every thing, and prevents what is good in plants and seeds from being produced, and consequently profitable. This comparison is so just, that I see the best people, the most amiable, the most delicate, the most virtuous, hindered by their tempers from appearing what they are. All their good qualities are intercepted ; it is as if they had none.

The Influence of Interested Motives.

The unfortunate hardly ever experience generosity in their *friends*. There is a kind of contagion in misfortune which drives them away; it is useless to importune, or endeavour to attach them to our interest; they have deserted us; and will not return; though we should treat them with the greatest humility and condescension. Our earnest solicitations are considered troublesome; and, instead of awakening their zeal, do but increase their indifference.

Few persons had more friends than Sylverius; his wit, humour, and varied accomplishments, rendered his society so agreeable as well as useful, that his acquaintance was considered an honour, and solicited with assiduity and pleasure; but he afterwards fell into discredit; and all those who had appeared so eager to serve him, abandoned him in a cowardly manner, and scarcely appeared to know him; it was well if they did not injure him by inveighing against him. Out of all these disguised *friends*, one faithful and generous friend alone remained, who, by his zeal, rendered him the most essential services with a constancy unparalleled in an age so politic and corrupted as the present.

When our friends appear in any way to be deserted by fortune; it requires a great soul and noble sentiments to preserve our attachment entire.

The friendship, or aversion, of the majority of mankind is measured by their interest; they know no other standard; it is the prime mover of all their actions; interest attracts their esteem, or excites their contempt: if they think that you have the power to serve them, they carry their complaisance and their respect to adulation; but if they regard you as destitute of such means, expect nothing from them but rudeness, and perhaps even ill offices.

Interested persons are sometimes baffled in their calculations; and, on such occasions, we cannot help feeling a triumphant satisfaction in their want of foresight.

ON DRESS.

The vanity of dress and show among the middling and lower ranks in this country is so universal and so remarkable, and leads to so much vice and disorder, that it becomes a crying evil, which, though the laws of freedom do not permit the magistrate to restrain, every wise and virtuous person ought to discourage. What a violation of order and decency is it to see servants, mechanics, and the lower orders of tradesmen, with their wives and children, dressed in every respect like their masters and superiors in rank and fortune! How absurd to mistake the maid-servant for her mistress, the man-servant for his master; and yet this is frequently unavoidable. Or, should we endeavour to distinguish them, we must generally determine those the superiors in whose appearance we observe the greatest simplicity. But the folly of thus assuming a station and character which does not belong to us, and going about in masquerade, is not all; if it were, to laugh at and despise it would be the treatment it deserved; but this is far from being the case: innumerable mischiefs to individuals, and to the public, result from this vanity. How many poor, destitute, miserable wretches owe their vices and their ruin to this cause!

A passion for admiration, show, and expence, among female servants, makes them wasteful of their time. They allot those hours which are not their own to the preparing of ornaments to adorn their persons; they spend their money extravagantly and foolishly, instead of employing it usefully, or making any provision for sickness or age, in themselves or their parents, and thus are they preparing future distress for both. Or, should any man be so blind to his own interest as to venture on such a wife, her extravagance and neglect of his affairs must bring on his ruin. But it is not as wives that they

generally end their days; for their equals know they cannot maintain them, and their superiors will not think of an honourable connexion; all therefore that remains for them is seduction, to which they are the most easy prey imaginable. A little finery will outweigh, with such, the consideration of honour, virtue, and happiness, and make them willing to receive in exchange, infamy, contempt, and remorse, which frequently leads them to the most mortifying and degrading of all situations—to famine, disease, and despair.

Were it not for this fatal passion of vanity in dress, our streets would not be crowded as they are with miserable females who have cast off even the outward appearance of modesty, and are shocking and disgusting to our eyes and ears, filling us with a melancholy and fruitless compassion; for while we pity, we cannot help them. Ye who are yet virtuous and innocent beware, I entreat you, of a passion so dangerous to your sex and station; a rock on which so many have split, and lost all their reputation and all their happiness. Like you, they once never intended to go such lengths; personal beauty might make the vanity of setting it off to advantage in some more excuseable, and, by degress, lead them further and further, till they had departed from the right way. Had they been favoured, as you are, with good advice, instead of being surrounded either with persons inattentive to their welfare and their morals, or with such as make it their business to destroy their happiness, by weakening and overthrowing their moral and religious principles, they had not sunk into such depths of misery and despair. Improve, therefore, the advantage you this day enjoy; learn to see things as they are; if you possess the privilege of beauty,—know, that cleanliness and simplicity are its greatest outward ornaments, and that meekness and modesty will give it an irresistible charm.

DRESS MAKES THE MAN.

A young man, very plainly dressed, who was engaged in a considerable law suit, fell in love with, and made advances to, a handsome lady; but though he was well-looking; his dress was too simple, too sombre; the lady only regarded his appearance, and, in consequence, discarded him. He had discernment, and soon perceived the cause of his repulse; for fear, however, of being deceived; he returned without being discouraged, and declared his passion with more ardour; alas! far from listening to him, she scarcely knew that he was present: his miserable dress hid him like a cloud from observation.

But he gained his law suit, quickly cast off his obscure habiliments; and two days after returned to the lady, shining like a star. He was no longer the same man; he alone now attracted her attention; she answered him before he had spoken; whatever she said was complimentary. How well you are dressed! how genteel is this coat! how tasteful it is!——leave me, I fear you——return no more——When shall we see you again?——Adieu for ever, my beautiful dame, at length, answered he; but I will see you again in my rich apparel, since you are so pleased with it; as for me, it is only through mistake that you have given me an invitation; for two months since you saw me, and knew me not; therefore you cannot desire *my* company; for *I* am not changed; I have only altered my clothes, and it is them you find deserving so much of your regard.

DISCONTENT.

There appears a constant disposition among mankind to be dissatisfied with their condition; we are always exclaiming against some one or something. We say what a nation! what a climate! what times! what a life! Is it the natural inquietude that we ordinarily feel in ourselves, or is it self-love? Perhaps both. We desire to be where we are not, and wish to make ourselves believe that we deserve more than we have.

CURIOUS CALCULATION.

Allowing the circumference of the earth to be 25,000 miles, as it is well known to be, nearly the whole surface is equal to 198,943,750 square miles. It is said, that about one-fifth part only of this surface is inhabitable by human beings; but we will suppose one half of it, 99,471,875 square miles to be inhabitable; this is equal to 2773,116,720,000,000 square feet. The number of human beings occupying this extensive territory, at present is estimated at 1000,000,000. Now suppose this population to double every fifty years, a supposition I think no-wise unreasonable, provided that all wars should cease, and that no extraordinary pestilence, or other calamity, happen, to carry the people off; at the end of 1000 years, this number would be increased to 524,288,000,000,000. Divide the number of square feet, given above, by this last great number, and the quotient will be 5 feet, and a quarter nearly, or a little more than half a yard of ground for each individual to live upon.

Gold-beaters afford us the means of demonstrating the minute divisibility of matter;—they can spread a grain of gold into a leaf containing 50 square inches; which leaf may be readily divided into 500,000 parts, each visible to the naked eye. The natural divisions of matter are, however, far more surprisingly minute; there are more animals in the melt of a single cod-fish than men on the whole earth. It is said, that a single grain of sand is larger than 400,000,000 of these animals; yet each of them possesses a heart, stomach, bowels, muscles, nerves, veins, glands, tendons, &c. It has been calculated, that a particle of the blood of one of these animalculæ is as much smaller than a globe 1-10th of an inch in diameter, as that globe is smaller than the earth.

Time past is always regretted; we regard with satisfaction that period which is no more, and look with an evil eye upon what is present.

INSANITY.

The particulars contained in the subsequent paper are taken from actual observation; and may gratify curiosity, while they assist the judgement to avoid the first inroads of the passions, which may imperceptibly lead to the fatal consequences of clouding the intellect,

A paroxysm of insanity reduces the individual to a condition between a sensible and brute being; yet a madman is more happy without his reason than the most intelligent man who prides himself upon this human prerogative. Madness is as singular and as varied as the characters and passions to be observed in the world. I have searched into the receptacles for derangement, and seen a mechanician, whose head is perplexed with divers sciences, exhibit an hydraulic machine, made by himself, representing the torment of Tantalus; who said "It is written of Tantalus in several celebrated authors, Homer, Virgil, and above all in *Montgomery*——"

A very interesting young man lost his reason by excess of grief at the death of his father.

It was very astonishing, to find a husband driven to madness with jealousy and despair, from having been deserted by a wife whom he passionately loved.

How precious appears that reason which raises us in the scale of being, when we consider the brutality and ferocity to which those are reduced who are absolutely deprived of it, and who are often obliged to be left entirely naked upon straw, and loaded with chains!

The most furious have moments of tranquillity, and sparks of reason. In one of these short intervals, a madman cried out loudly—*Women have the devil in their heads!!!*

There are several that love has deranged; and as soon as they see a young woman, they cry out—*There she is ! The beauty that I adore ! There she is !*

If you believe all those who are suffered to wander at large, they are retained unjustly, whilst they have as much reason as you have. Their conversation, in effect, is so sensible, that there is no suspicion of their being deranged, till you touch the string which affects them ever so little, and then they begin immediately to talk at random. One of them opened the cells of his brethren, and explained the madness of every one of those who inhabited them; he had spoken very well, till, having arrived at a little window, he began to say—“ *This man imagines himself the Angel Gabriel; but I can assure you, that he is mistaken; for I am St. Michael the Archangel; and I know him not.*”

Concentrating three-fourths of the time his kind of madness, another wrote an affecting and eloquent letter to a very worthy prelate, in which he complained that his relations had made him pass for a madman, in order to enjoy his property, and he supplicated to have his liberty.

The Prelate charged an Abbot in whom he had confidence to go and examine this man, and to obtain his release, if he found his representations were just. The Abbot was well satisfied with his conversation, and he saw no inconvenience in removing him immediately. As he was going away, an insane person called out to him—“Thou wilt do much better to remain here, for I am going to send an affrightful heat; drought and sterility will desolate all the earth, and thou thyself wilt be burnt.” “Fear nothing,” said he, immediately, who appeared so rational; “to extinguish the fires with which he threatens us, I shall only have to send an inundation, for I am the God Neptune.

There are instances which fill us with the most afflicting ideas. It is recorded, that an insane woman was chained

quite naked to a stone table, placed in the middle of a court at an Hospital in Paris, for twenty years; and upon which stone, by so repeatedly sitting upon it, she left a deep imprint.

Among these unfortunate persons, it is astonishing how many there are who have lost their senses through an excess of love, and jealousy, and especially from having been abandoned by inconstant lovers. One of the most remarkable is a man who is strongly persuaded that he is a king; he pretends to have the right of commanding others, and, with dignity, offers you his hand to kiss.

But after indulging ourselves with a sight of these mournful objects; we shall find in the world as many madmen as in places destined for their reception, and almost always proceeding from the same cause—A too aspiring Ambition; which often turns the brain. †††.

A HINT.

It is said, that the seed of the tall annual sun flower when bruised and pressed, will yield an oil as sweet, and as fine, as that we import from Florence*. From a bushel of this seed, a gallon of oil may be drawn; and with this advantage, that it can be obtained at any time, quite soft, bland, and fresh. The seed also, and the moss, that remain after the expression of the oil, are of excellent use to feed and fatten poultry, &c.—But beside these uses, the growing plant is of eminent service—it having been proved, that near twenty times as much pure dephlogisticated air is exhaled from one plant in 24 hours, in light and clear weather, as a man respires, in a vitiated and impure state, in that space of time. Hence the inhabitants of close, ill-aired, and unwholesome places, should be diligent in its cultivation.

* So will mustard seed; but the oil is inferior to this.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

The following anecdote of Dr. Johnson, evinces the favourable opinion that celebrated writer entertained of these useful institutions:—Mr. Langton was about to establish a school upon his estate, but it had been suggested to him, that it might have a tendency to make the people less industrious. Johnson. “No, sir, while learning to read and write is a distinction, the few who have that distinction may be the less inclined to work; but when every body learns to read and write, it is no longer a distinction. A man who has a laced waistcoat, is too fine a man to work; but if every body had laced waistcoats, we should have people working in laced waistcoats. There are no people whatever more industrious, none who work more, than our manufacturers, yet they have all learnt to read and write. Sir, you must not neglect doing a thing immediately good, for fear of remote evil, from fear of its being abused. A man who has candles may sit up too late, which he would not do if he had not candles; but nobody will deny that the art of making candles, by which light is continued to us beyond the time that the sun gives us light, is a valuable art, and ought to be preserved.”

The ABSENCE of CRIME no PROOF of VIRTUE.

I approve not of our calling men honest who are restrained from plunder on account of their wealth, or because they are afraid of being hung; and I declare all those deserving such a fate who do not as much good as they can; who sacrifice the welfare of others to their own aggrandisement; who are neither capable of enthusiasm, nor admiration, nor compassion, nor friendship. To possess no other than the negative quality of confining one's self to do no harm—is to usurp life; were we dead, we should do as much, and demand nothing for it.

From “Thoughts of the Marshal Prince de Ligne.”

JUSTICE.

Why is justice always painted with a sword and a pair of scales? I could sometimes wish her veiled. There is often justice in not doing justice. There is severe justice, and forgiving justice. If, after having well weighed with these scales, and even raised this menacing sword, the veil should nevertheless hide from her view all that should be punished, justice perhaps would be equally just. If in seeing all, she pardoned, it would be mercy. She should not always pardon; but her examination and judgement should not be made with a wish to punish; there are so many little and scarcely perceptible shades of difference to search into which we cannot at all times satisfactorily distinguish and account for; and which might, nevertheless, justify the action, or mitigate the punishment! It requires more intelligence and penetration to know when to forgive than when to punish; for the best qualities of men are often hid in the bottom of their souls.

Thoughts of Marshal Prince de Ligne.

A grocer in the city of London, who died a few years ago extremely rich, and who came into the house as a common porter, lost a considerable sum of money by the imprudence of a debtor who had great dealings with him. The poor man sent to him upon his death-bed, and implored his forgiveness for having thus treated him; and assured him how heavy it lay upon his mind; adding, however, that there was still something that weighed more upon his heart," which was the consideration that he left a young and beautiful daughter, poor and unprotected, upon the wide world. His benevolent and merciful creditor requested him not to let that circumstance distress him; for that he would take care of her, as if she were his own child. He was as good as his word; he sent the girl to school, and afterwards, by a considerable sum of money which he gave with her, assured her a comfortable situation for life in a wholesale milliner's shop of great business.

THE
MIRROR OF FASHION,

FOR DECEMBER, 1813.

Dresses invented by Mrs. Green.

Morning Dress.—Gown of white muslin, with full stadholder sleeve, fastened by buttons; primrose coloured gloves, hair adorned with yellow roses.

Afternoon, or full dress.—A yellow satin boddice, with filligree front, over a long dress of white crape; ruby scarf of real English manufacture; white gloves and shoes. Hair, interwoven with a fillet* of silver leaves; white gloves and shoes.

The perfection of the Arts has not displayed itself more in this age of discovery and improvement, than in the curious Manufactory of the Patent Twine Cloth for Shirting and Sheeting, sold by the House of MILLARD. The ingenuity of man appears, in this instance, to have almost exceeded itself. By this admirable invention the Cotton Twine is so completely manufactured, that it needs no auxiliary to give it strength, and is rendered superior to the thread of flax by its mathematical equality. The process is strikingly curious. The factory, built on purpose for the machinery, is of considerable magnitude; and so complete is the invention, that the materials go in at one end of the building and come out at the other, in cloth of the most beautiful description, effected entirely by steam apparatus. The excellence attributed to this Cloth by the Patentee, namely, that of Regulating the Perspiration, and, consequently, the Prevention of taking Cold, seems, indeed, to be just; and it appears natural, for having no flax, nor any thing mixed with it of a cold or chilling quality, it must (like flannel, although without its weakening property), be adapted to prevent the ill effects of sudden change from heat to cold, and vice versa.



LONDON FASHIONS for DECEMBER.
Published December 1855, by W.H. Byrne.



REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

Having been favoured with the subsequent EXTRACT from MR. MATHEW'S Novel of COURTLY ANNALS previous to its publication, our readers will be enabled to form a tolerable opinion of the style and manner of the Author.

“Lord Cawdor had been so much the admiration of the belles of fashion, from his superior rank, handsome person, and elegant manners, and had been at times so beset by dowagers, who wanted to draw him in for one of their daughters, and daughters who wanted to draw him in for themselves, that, for amusement's sake, and almost by force, he had always some little flirtation upon his hands, which he, and the young lady for the time being, dignified by the name of love. In these little affairs, his lordship always had the best of it, for as his heart was never interested, he had no other object than present amusement; and the moment it ceased to *be* amusing, that moment he marched off without ceremony. He had been repeatedly amused in these cases with the manoeuvres of the belles of *haut ton*, who, I am grieved to say, are by no means too delicate in the affairs of love and marriage. He found, that after a short flirtation, which they contrived to make appear as particular as possible, hints were uniformly thrown out about the notice of the town, the envy of certain very dear friends of their own at the possible termination of the business, and their own delicate anxiety to put an end to such silly surmises and impertinencies by a more distant behaviour in public, and the policy of availing themselves of opportunities to be together, unobserved by the malicious, the envious, and the designing. His lordship upon these occasions, which were eternally oc-

cunning, invariably made a low bow, agreed that nothing could be more sensibly observed, more judiciously planned, or better calculated to answer the purpose intended; and then walked off with the utmost imaginable *sang froid*, taking every possible care never to afford the exasperated fair one an opportunity of addressing him on the subject again.

“ From a whole host of fathers of families, old dowagers, and maiden aunts, may be anticipated the most dreadful denunciations; the cackling of a whole flock can be nothing in comparison with it; the expressions of vile wretch! impudent fellow! dishonourable scoundrel! male flirt! and half a hundred more, equally indicative of rage and disappointment, we may look for and allow. But much of the mischiefs which arise from a too particular intercourse between the sexes, is, in fact, owing principally, if not entirely, to the absurd conduct of parents or guardians, and the too forward levity of the young ladies themselves. In high life this is the more particularly observable; young men of rank and fortune are purposely enticed to the houses of those who have marriageable daughters, likely to grow stale upon their hands: these youths are courted, caressed, and flattered, by mothers and daughters, in so particular a manner, that without being absolutely rude themselves, it is next to impossible to avoid something like particularity in their own behaviour.

“ It is not to be supposed that a young man, full of health and overflowing with animal spirits, should be over nice in balancing the consequences of paying attentions to a young girl, who seems to throw herself purposely in his way, and to desire nothing more ardently than the gratification of receiving them. His passions, too, are inflamed by every incitement that a refinement in dress can supply—a refinement which often exposes a beautiful person more than decency should admit to the unrestrained gaze and admiration of eager and animated

youth; and when, perhaps, in some unlucky moment, he is, by such inducements, drawn into an expression of too fervent admiration, something tangible, as politicians term it, it is seized hold of, and retained with a tenacity truly astonishing. The young man is all at once thunder-struck, and overwhelmed by a volume of accusations, charging him with treachery, seduction, and deliberate and designing villany, by striving to gain the affections of an amiable girl, and afterwards sporting with her feelings and honour, by declaring he meant nothing but civility.

“So perpetual is the din of such epithets and invective, that many an unfortunate youth is trapped into a marriage totally unsuitable to his time of life and inclinations. The consequences are almost inevitable; he begins with indifference, and ends with aversion; he spends his hours in society more congenial to his wishes, and is seldom found at home; the gaiety of his wife leads her into situations improper for a married woman; the gentleman has his mistress in private, the lady her galant; and Doctors’ Commons is called upon in due season to terminate the affair, to the great amusement and edification of the town, which exclaims, with affected abhorrence, against the profligacy of the times, while most of the individuals composing the fashionable part of it, and many others out of its pale, are pursuing the self-same course, with a progressive inclination to the precise point they are so eager in reprobating. Such is the baneful effect of what is called polite education and polished manners; morality and virtue are overthrown by an inundation of folly and extravagance; the more correct and guarded conduct of the discerning few is termed Gothic and barbarous, and every rational and honourable feeling is sacrificed, without scruple or remorse, at the altar of fashion.

“The rapid stride of luxury towards its utmost limits has been generally considered as bearing strong evidence of the decline of an empire. It is to be hoped, that for

once this general rule may find an exception ; but the age of miracles is said to have passed by ; and it is to be feared that nothing short of a miracle can intercept the ordinary course of progression in these matters.

“ Lord Cawdor, however, must, in a great measure, indeed almost entirely, stand acquitted of unjustifiable warmth in his addresses to these same fair ones. He knew that every possible artifice was made use of to catch him, as well as many other heirs to wealth and titles ; without, therefore, troubling himself about their motives, he gave into the humour of the thing as long as they did not speak openly ; but as soon as ever the cloven foot appeared, he left them, properly punished for their artifice and indelicacy.”

CRITIQUE.

It has been often remarked, that Goldsmith's comedy of “ She Stoops to Conquer,” is particularly out of nature. This, however, is an idle remark, for there is no dramatic piece on the English stage that does not stand in the same predicament. There is no more absurdity in an elegant young lady assuming the character of a bar-maid to gain a lover's heart, than there is in a woman of fashion putting on man's apparel to follow her galant to the field. The whim of the one is not more eccentric than the unwomanly idea of the other. If the one become a soldier to follow her captain, the other ought not to be blamed for wearing her keys to *secure* a husband.

THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

"THE WORLD'S DREAD LAUGH."

Oh! ye that tremble with misguided shame,
And shrink from virtue lest the proud should blame,
Forsake your God, renounce Religion's cause,
For empty honours and a false applause;
Ye coward race, who live the pliant tools
Of impious fashions, and deceiving fools—
Oh! ponder yet—invoke your fellow slaves
Now slumb'ring silent in their narrow graves,
And bid them tell ye in that awful hour,
When faded life, and fame, and pomp, and pow'r,
When burst the spirit from each earthly bound,
And fled to judgement, *which* that spirit found,
'Twere best to heed, if man would be forgiv'n,—
The *World's dread Laughter, or the Frown of Heaven?*

• • • • •

MEMORY;—AN EXTRACT.

• • • • •

Oh, sacred memory, tablet of the heart!
Thou breathing shadow of departed days!
Still ever prompt to wake the ling'ring smart,
And backward lure the visionary gaze—
Thou tellest but of scenes that, melted by,
Are vanish'd now like wreaths of winter snow;
The tear of sorrow gems thy lucid eye,
And yet so beauteous is thy garb of woe,
Enamour'd still, we clasp thy fond regret,
Too tender to renounce, too pleasing to forget!

Unpitying absence wraps in distant shroud
 Full many a charm that deck'd our earlier doom;
 Thy stronger radiance brightens thro' the cloud,
 Again they flourish, and again they bloom :
 The kindred ties that hold us down to earth,
 The wife, the friend, the parent, sink in turn ;
 Thou livest to retrace their love and worth,
 And snatch their image from the marble urn ;
 O'er time's dread course thy victor pinions wave,
 And burst with eagle strength the slumbers of the grave.
 Not the wide tracts of ocean, or of land,
 Nor all the changing seasons as they roll,
 Can bound thy glance, repress thy glowing hand,
 Or blot thy fairy pictures from the soul :
 Thy viewless spirit floats amid the morn,
 Meridian skies as sweetly they rejoice,
 Tell of the past, and, on the evening borne,
 We sadly hear thy melancholy voice
 Sigh in the flutters of the trembling gale
 That sweeps the mountain brow, or mourns along the vale.

* * * * *

OSCAR;

SONNET.

Heedless the wand'rer seals his languid eyes,
 Nor feels regret as life's fast closing day—
 Speeds on his beaten care-worn track ; he dies !
 And mingles unlamented with the clay.
 It little heeds, if desert, rock, or cave,
 Receive the relics of his earthly frame ;
 If verdant flowers spring around his grave ;
 If mem'ry's page, or urn, reflect his name ;
 'Tis empty all to him, tho' oceans lave
 His sad remains, or mould'ring ashes sweep
 On distant shores, as tempests loudly rave ;
 From care he still shall unmolested sleep,
 And in the bound'ries of a happier sphere,
 Hail that repose he never hop'd for here.

19th August, 1813

J. M. B.

STANZAS;

ADDRESSED TO OSCAR AND AGNES.

Vide their Correspondence in the Lady's Monthly Museum.

O souls congenial and refin'd !
Alike enamour'd of the muse ;
Alike possess'd of heart and mind,
Partial to meditative views ;
No longer let concealment shroud
The buds beneath her dark'ning cloud ;
Which, warm'd by Friendship's sun,
Might blossom into joy and love,
And to the happy parties prove
A Paradise begun.

Yes ! it were pity such a pair,
Who equal truth and virtue own,
Should singly feel the pangs of care,
Alike unknowing and unknown.
OSCAR, be thine the fair to seek,
And to thy sister spirit speak
The language of the heart ;
AGNES, be thine the yielding mind
To bless the youthful friend inclin'd,
And ease the lover's smart.

What though not Beauty decks the form,
Her reign protracted is but short,
But ill prepar'd to brave the storm,
Of ev'ry faithless wind the sport ;
She fades as quickly fade the dyes
That streak a summer morning skies,
To charm the eye no more ;
While the mind's beauties ever new
Attract admiring Wisdom's view,
Till life's last throb is o'er.

THE LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

Forgive, if aught the Muse has said
Offend the unassuming ear ;
She loves the lonely path to tread,
And joys your dulcet strains to hear.
Know, happiness attends the man
Who finds an Agnes in an Ann,
And loves the gift to prize ;
Thank heav'n, that such a lot is mine ;
I hold the treasure as divine
As would the good and wise.

PALEMON.

THE CATHEDRAL ;

A POEM,
BY H. FINN.

REASON ! primeval cause of each effect
That elevates in the vast scale of being
Man's intellectual skill, potential,
Beyond the nether level of the track,
Where instinct borrows nature's hand to search
For partial gifts, and gains thy smallest boon ;
Mild essence of the Deity ; like him,
Creative uncreate ; Oh ! guard the hour
When the still Muse her mirthless vigil holds,
To mark the vestige of creation's boast ;
The dust of breathless man, and note the flight
Of wild imagination's lawless wing,
Owning the infant guidance of a soul,
Unlearn'd in aught, save emulation's lore,
And all unaided by maturity,
To shake the hoary lock at young transgression,
Should guiling hope, youth's ever erring mate,
Lure in my peaceful, visionary walk,
One thought astray from thy lone sober path ;
Chasten the recreant with a mother's hand,

And point again thine even truer course,
Too apt is Nature to believe the dream,
Which tenders vanity a present joy,
To send in future truths a treble grief ;
And play the self deluding egotist ;
Too eager to engross the prize of fame,
Who freshens in the page of after time,
Whilst her weak vot'ries perish in the leaf,
The blotted millions of each passing age.
How few are left, and some scarce legible,
Names that Renown, (compell'd to enter all
Who claim her heed, by greatly vicious acts
As those pre-eminently good,) had scrawl'd
In haste ; reluctant to record a crime.
Deep in unfading annals are inscribed
The lovely register of virtuous deeds,
That brave the lapse of many waning years,
To give Oblivion's never sated gulph,
The doer's name ; or still the echoing sound
That tells his actions to remoter climes.
Such recompence the *bard of beamless eye,
But daz'ling mind, shall wrest from latest time ;
He, who could image the unbounded might
In mighty theme of just Omnipotence,
And dared to give religion's chaos form.
With humblest step then let *my* muse essay
To toil with tremor o'er a beaten road,
Where fearless genius happily hath trod ;
Striking the master chord of poesy,
To make their travel musically light ;
Whilst I, the distant echo of those strains,
Faintly expiring on the breeze remote,
Would gladly imitate. Not vain the hope,
Tho' impotent the means, that straying thus,
Some shaded flower, some mild unnoticed plant,
Diffusing moral fragrance round the heart,
(That owns allegiance to tyrannic vice),
May yet absolve its vow, be pluck'd to heal,
Or soothe the anguish it cannot remove.

(To be continued.)

* Milton.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The PROPRIETOR has, on all occasions, endeavoured to observe the strictest impartiality; if admissible, the contributions of his correspondents have never been rejected; but when he declares, that attempts have been made to take advantage of this disposition, and to injure the publication from which he derives a partial support; he trusts it will be sufficient to prevent a repetition; and that he shall not only find friends to participate in his feelings, but to assist him in editing a work, which, from its extensive circulation, demands the most serious attention, and may prove beneficial to a considerable portion of the community.

In providing us with his quota of manuscript, according to the terms of agreement, Mr. C. should recollect, that we have not always time to reject what we do not approve; and, therefore, that he ought, in justice, to send us more than may be wanted. The letter to which he alludes is suppressed: it was written, we are persuaded, with the best intentions,—to direct him to studies necessary for every man who would become a candidate for literary fame. *We must request him to think less of himself, and more of those for whom he writes.*

The writer of *Elmma* doubtless possesses wit and ingenuity; but he appears to have mistaken his subject; and misapplied his time and talents.

Though we decline the insertion of R's last paper from its want of originality; we should be sorry to lose the aid of his promising talents.

As soon as received, Mr. Porter's Novel shall meet with every attention.

Mr. H. FINN'S productions must ever lay claim to our peculiar regard: his Letters are of no ordinary stamp; and the commencement of *The Cathedral*, inserted this month, promises much: the length of this Poem would be objectionable, were we not informed, that it was written to inculcate a series of Moral Truths. We should, however, be happy to be supplied with more M. S. at a time; it would enable us to judge better of the author's intentions.

We hope to hear again from Agnes, and other respectable Correspondents.



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1814.



ADDRESS

TO OUR

Readers and Correspondents.

ON no occasion have we felt more pleasure in addressing our numerous Readers than on the present ; when the return of Peace enlivens every hope, and animates every exertion. We are proud and grateful, that, in these unprecedented times, occasioned by a protracted system of warfare, our publication should still be in request ; and continue to have a respectable sale. We are proud on account of having triumphed over the insidious attempts of our enemies, and of having sufficient merit to obtain a preference ; and we are grateful for deriving so much support from our liberal and discerning patrons ; and beg to express our sense of obligation, and return our sincerest thanks.

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